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02x13 - It's Because I'm g*y, Right?

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02x13 - It's Because I'm g*y, Right?

by **bunniefuu**

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[Woody's. Brian's playing pool. Justin rubs his d*ck over the corner pocket.]

Brian: Would you move your d*ck? I can't concentrate.

[Justin turns around and rubs his a*s over the corner pocket instead.]

Emmett: You shouldn't have any trouble sinking into that hole.

[Brian makes the shot and Justin moans with glee.]

Ben: [to Michael] What given you me to concentrate at?

[Ted is handing out flyers for a charity event, but nobody cares.]

Ted: Come to the angel ball. f*ck you, too!

Emmett: That wasn't very angelic.

Ted: Who even take a g*dd*mn flyer?

Brian: Four hundred bucks for another boring fundraiser.

Michael: Angels Over Pittsburgh isn't just another charity; when Vic was sick they brought a meal practically every day. My mom and I couldn't done without that.

Ted: Unfortunately that's not what these guys doin'.

Brian: They need a big attraction.

Justin: Like Madonna. Or the Backstreet Boys.

Ted: Yeah, it's just Pittsburgh, sunshine. Not your wildest dreams.

Emmett: Hot about Pittsburgh's own Divina Devore? She's in town.

Brian: Oh yeah, that's good. Another worn-out old drag queen.

Emmett: What kind of h*m* are you?

Brian: The kind that f*ck men.

Emmett: Divina Devore it's a legend. She's performed before presidents.

Brian: Ulysses S. Grant or Chester A. Arthur?

Michael: Go got her. But you won't have trouble with your tickets.

Ben: It's worth a shot.

[Michael squats in front of the corner pocket. Ben shoots and the ball rolls towards Michael's mouth. Ben misses. Michael pouts. The boys laugh.]

Michael: Oh.

[The kindergarten! We're at a center for early education/day care/fancy-pants place.]

women: Here in center for early development we offered an unique education parently. Which creates a save and supportive enviroment which are our degree candidates can inquire an invaluable learning and social skills.

Mel: Degree candidates? There are pre-schoolers.

woman: Therefore as much we would like to accept all applicants in order to ensure maximum focus and individual attention we can only admit a select few.

[Lindsay raises her hand]

Lindsay: May I ask what determines the final decision?

woman: The child's own unique talents and abilities will play a big part, but we're also trying to create the full spectrum of human diversity. Race, religion, socio-economic background.

Mel: What about sexual orientation?

woman: Oh yes, that too.

Lindsay: Are any same-sex-parented children currently enrolled?

woman: Not yet, but we're entend to make every afford to change that.

[The diner wall changes artwork. Now it's all Justin's.]

Debbie: [to a customer] The master piece that's what it is. For 50 bucks you'll buy the next Michael Angelo.

[The guy just rudely walks off]

Debbie: Ignorier miss.His does not know d*ck about art.

Justin: It doesn't matter. You do.

Jen: Justin, you didn't tell me you has your own show.

Justin: It's not exactly the Museum of Modern Art.

Debbie: That's next!

[Justin and Jennifer hug.]

Justin: You want something to eat?

Jen: Uh, thanks honey. I just had lunch. I'm with your father.

Justin: I don't talk about him.

Jen: Well, I just wanna talk either, but we'll do. He says he's not gonna pay for your school anymore.

Justin: Wha... That lame-a*s sh*t. What's his feeble excuse?

Jen: The stock market and supporting two households. And he's a lame-a*s sh*t. I don't want you to worry. I spoke to the accountant, I got a little of my savings, I can cash my IAR...

Justin: I don't takin' your money. You and Molly had to live.

Jen: You're sister and I'll be just... fine.

Justin: No, forget it. I'll take care of myself.

[Woody's. Divina Devore performing live at stage. Emmett, Ted, and Michael prance backstage right behind the stage manager. (S)he finished.]

Emmett: If you ask me, nobody makes a better woman than a g*y man.

Michael: What woman looks like that? Big, red wig, tons of jewelry, gaudy clothes?

[Emmett, Ted, and the stage manager all turn slowly to the screen.]

Michael: My mother doesn't look like that!

[Divina leans back on the curtain as the audience politely applauds.]

Divina: Thank you, Pittsburgh! For reminding me why I left!

Ted: I hope she's not be one of those maniac divas who thinks she's the center of the universe -- you know, snapping her fingers bossing people around.

[Divina comes backstage.]

Divina: [to the stage manager] Hey, you. Tell the idiot, the one whos the lights the spot is suppose to be at my face. Not the left tit!

Stage manager: Yes, ma'am. I mean, sir.

Ted: Excuse me, Miss Devore.

Divina: Yes?

Ted: I just want to say... your performance tonight was... sparkling.

Emmett: Bubbling.

Ted: Effervescent.

Divina: Stop, you'll make me burp.

Michael: Miss Devore? Hi, I want to tell you your performance was really great.

Divina: I'm flattering for receive so much praise from so a handsome young men. Now, if you excuse me.

Ted: Wait. Uh, we wanted to ask you...

Divina: ...for my autograph.

Ted: And for your help. See, I'm organising a charity event...

Emmett: It's for a very good cause.

Divina: Is it ever a bad one?

Ted: It's for Angels Over Pittsburgh.

Michael: They prepare home cook meals for homeless people who have A*DS.

Ted: And I was hoping you were might...

Divina: Perform? Oh, I'd love to!

Emmett and Ted: You would?

Divina: If I didn't already spend half my life doing benefits. If I do any more, they'll have to throw one for me.

[Brian and Justin sit in a jeep.]

Justin: I told you, I can pay for this.

Brian: With your secrets money?

Justin: I'll get another job, a real job where I actually pay for it.

Brian: They pay for a hundred a week?

Justin: I still apply for a scholarship all alone.

Brian: What are you use for collection? Your a*s? Stop being such a twat. I just trying to help you.

Justin: You've helped enough. You did practically my entire life.

Brian: What do you mean 'practically' ?

Justin: Look, I don't want you feel like you have always take care of me. And I don't want me to.

Brian: Fine, then go ahead. Don't come claim to me when it's didn't work.

Justin: I love that you do anything for me.

Brian: Who said it was for you? I made an investment, I want to pay off.

[Justin pulls off his seatbelt and gives Brian a blowjob at a red light. The man in the car next to Brian watches. Brian watches him back. Brian revs his engine.]

[Angels Over Pittsburgh sign on the refrigerator.]

Ted: Who the f*ck wants to see some worn-out old drag queen, anyway?

Emmett: Honey, you find someone else.

Michael: It's like Ben always says "You have to be a positive energy for."

Ted: What did Ben do in this new google-dee gook?

[Michael trows eat to Ted.]

Ted: You know, I woldn't been Divina Devore in the Benefit even if I could her.

Vic: Dvina Devore? Is she in town?

Michael: Yeah, we beg her to perform at the benefit but she turn us down.

Vic: She always was a selfish prick.

Emmett: You know her?

Vic: Honey, I knew her when she was a him. He was Danny Devore then. We went to highschool together.

Emmett: NO!

Ted: You know, maybe if you use the personal connection we can convince her mind.

Michael: Me?

Ted: You're our only hope.

Emmett: I thought you didn't even want her.

Ted: Well, that was before I know that she is a friend of the family.

Vic: I'm sure she wouldn't remember me.

[Lindsay's in pigtails, shouting to Mel from the porch.]

Lindsay: Mel! Mel!

Mel: What's the matter?

Lindsay: Look, a letter.

Mel: Haven't you've seen this before?

Lindsay: It's from Gus new school.

Mel: Hey, today the universe could be more to Harvert.

Lindsay: Who said anything about Harvert?

Mel: I thoughed everyone want a kid go to Harvert.

Lindsay: I feel we should considered at least Brown.

Mel: We'll continue this in 16 years. Just read the letter. What does she says?

Lindsay: He didn't get in.

Mel: What?! [she reads the letter] It's bullshit. They always made such a big deal about all different kinds of people.

Lindsay: Apparently not our kind of people.

Mel: What was all this crap about looking for a kid from same sex parents?

Lindsay: She didn't mean us.

Mel: It's discrimination. That's what it is.

Lindsay: Against our son. For something that has nothing to do with him.

[Fotoshooting with Divina Devore! The photographer's talking in a voice-over.]

Michael: I know your busy, Mrs.Devore.

Divina: Then why are you here?

Michael: Well, I was hoping you were change your mind.

Divina: I don't change my mind! Only my underwear. Now, if you kindly show yourself out!

Michael: Guess my uncle was right.

Divina: Excuse me?

Michael: Nothing. Just something he said. He knew you back in Highschool.

Divina: Oh really and who was that?

Michael: You wouldn't remember. Vic Grassi?

[Camera zooms in her face.]

Divina: Vic Grassi. Oh, my god, I remember Vic. I hear that he was sick.

Michael: Yeah, he's doin' a lot better now. Now he's on a c*ck.

Divina: I'm glad to hear it. Tell him I say hello. So, if Vic is your uncle then Debbie must be your mother.

Michael: Knew her?

Divina: Knew her? I dated her!

Michael: You? I mean...?

Divina: Oh, back then I was a male impersonator. I did a really convincing act, too. How's she doin'?

Michael: Practically undestructable.

Divina: Did she became a nurse like she always wanted?

Michael: I never knew that. Just a waitress.

Divina: Jesus, I can still hear that laugh of her. She bring down a house. I wish she was in front of me last night. Oh, not complaint, I tell you kid, your momma was a real looker.

Michael: Still is. Just, now there's more to look at.

Divina: This benefit of yours, when is it?

Michael: Friday night.

Divina: I tell you what. I'll be there after my show.

Michael: That's so cool. You're doin' a really good deed. Thank you.

Divina: Don't thank me, pay me.

Michael: So how long's been you saw my mom?

Divina: Not since the summer of my graduation. I... I left town after that.

Michael: I bet you have some interesting stories about the two of you.

Divina: Gentlemen don't reveal such themes. Especially gentlemens who are ladies.

[Liberty Diner. Michael put on a sign of the poster with Divina Devore.]

Ted: Where is he? Michael! [Ted kisses Michael] I cannot believe you got her change her mind.

Brian: I can't believe Deb dated a drag queen. How anyone could tell them apart.

Emmett: At least now we know who taught her how to do her hair.

Brian: You realize it's makes your mother officially f*g hag of all time. Then Vic, then you. Hey Debbie.

Debbie: Hey guys. Hi baby.

Brian: I hear your boyfriend is in town.

Debbie: Michael, about who's he talking about it?

Michael: It's someone you used to go...

Debbie: Yeah? Who?

Michael: Danny Devore.

[Debbie is shocked, angry, and grumpy.]

Debbie: Danny Devore.

Emmett: Better known as Divina Devore.

Ted: Michael got her agreement to perform on the Angel Ball.

Emmett: Yeah, thanks to you.

Debbie: What have I to do with it?

Brian: She said she couldn't possible turn down the son of a former flame.

Debbie: You shout your mouth! He had no right talk to my kid about my personal life.

Michael: We didn't say anything. He only said you two used to go out.

Debbie: Yeah, it was like a million years ago. I should be over him.

[Debbie walks away.]

[Babylon. Naked dancing boys. Sweet, toned flesh. Good flesh. Good music. Justin sticks a dollar in the g-string of a dancing boy. Brian snaps a dollar out of a different stripper's g-string.]

Brian: Shouldn't you been holding on on that?

Justin: It doesn't much matter since it's my last one.

Brian: Sort of like infections in the 19th century french noble been revive.

Justin: f*ck off.

Brian: Find a job.

Justin: I must have tried twenty restaurants and nobody hired.

Brian: What does the financial aid office said?

Justin: My f*cking father makes to much money.

Brian: Well, my offer still stands.

Justin: So does my answer. Better do that on my own.

Stripper: Give me a hand?

Brian: See? Some people know how to accept help.

[Justin roll his eyes. He watches the stripper pull money out of his crotch.]

Justin: Looks like a good night.

Stripper: It's nothing compared with the weekend.

Justin: Really? Cause I've been looking for something. Are they looking for more dancers?

Stripper: Gary's always looking.

[Brian and Justin are quiet, thinking. Brian walks away.]

[Debbies house. In Michaels old room. Ben and Michael arm are there. Very geeky picture of Michael and Brian in high school with their arms around each other.]

Michael: See what a dork I was?

Ben: You weren't a dork. I was a dork.

Michael: A fat ones.

Ben: You have no idea how fat. You are more dweeb.

Michael: Thanks.

Ben: Brian on the other hand...

Michael: I know, he was a total turn on.

Ben: I would say spaz.

Michael: Is it better or worse than a dweeb?

Ben: Oh, fare worse. Have I mention that I have a thing for dweebs?

Michael: Later. Goin check my moms old stuff.

Ben: Wait, that's kinda personal.

Michael: Well, she never really told me about that much. Everytime I ask about back then she said 'I did my homework and rest at my folk.' And you should do the dame.

[Ben pulls out a pompon.]

Ben: I didn't know she was a cheerleader.

Michael: Well, maybe those were Vic's. Oh, her yearbook. Check out the girls hairdos! Really boring.

Ben: Really straight. Where is your mom?

Michael: Grassi, grassi, grassi. There she is.

[Deborah Jane Grassi

AMB: Celebrate New Year's in every time zone!

P.D.: Celebrate every New Year's right here in the Pitt.

P.P.: Dishonest People.

P.S.: "S***, all my sayings have swears in them."

ACT: Yearbook, S.C. rep., Spirit Club, Parties, Parties, Parties]

Michael: Just as I said, mom was a real looker.

Ben: What about he look like?

Michael: Comes after a space.

Ben: Oh, scare me.

Michael: Danny Devore

AMB: Broadway Superstar

P.D.: NYC Cab Driver

P.P.: Stage Fright

P.S.: "Begone!"

ACT: Variety Show, Choir, Concert Band, Prom Committee, Spirit Club

Ben: Oh, he's kinda cute.

Michael: If you have a thing for dweebs.

[Strip club. Gary the creepy strip-club owner is doing "paperwork". Justin coughs some attention and.]

Justin: They said I can talk to you about the job.

Gary: Doin' what?

Justin: Dancing.

Gary: Ever dance professionally?

Justin: No, but I dance here all the time.

Gary: Like a thousand other q*eers. What makes you special?

Justin: I was King of Babylon.

Gary: Who wasn't? Sorry, I'm too busy. No one position's are open.

Justin: I'm sure if you saw me...

Gary: Hey, I'll busy.
[Cut to naked Justin feet walking back along the bar. He stops over Gary.]

Justin: One dance, that's all. If I suck, you can kick my a*s out.

Gary: You doesn't have much of a body. No packs, no abs, no biceps.

Justin: I have a great a*s and I'm blond. You have no idea how far that gets me.

Gary: One dance. Make it good.

[He does]

[Cut to Justin dancing over Brian's head. Same outfit. Brian's apartment. Brian stops the music and.]

Brian: Try not to step into my Chinese food.

Justin: He said I'd be pulling $200 to $300 a night.

Brian: That'd better be all your pulling young men. And remember you still have your schoolwork to do.

Justin: And what if I don't?

Brian: Mmmh, you'd have to be spank.

Justin: [laughs] Yeah, just try.

Brian: You like it?

Justin: Uh, I just kidding.

[Brian pulls Justin over his knees, pulls down his underwear, and spanks him. Justin's enjoying it until Mel and Lindz just walk right into the apartment.]

Mel: Oh.

Brian: Oh, Note to self - make sure to lock the f*cking door.

Lindsay: [to Mel] I don't care. I'm gonna asking anybody.

Brian: [to Linds] Wanna chicken?

Mel: [to Linds] Don't waste you time. Everytime we ask him to do something he turns us down.

Brian: Ask me what?

Lindsay: I want you to be my husband.

Brian: You already have one.

Mel: It's for Gus. He got rejected by the Center for Early Development.

Lindsay: And we think it's because he had two mommies.

Brian: So now you wanna pass him to a product of a happy hetero homelife? f*ck that sh*t.

Mel: I told you, he is a total heterophobe.

Justin: That's true he is.

Brian: It's true. I am.

Lindsay: Brian, you know I would you never ask to compromise your values.

Mel: Except that they are.

Lindsay: You're always said it's not lying if they make you lying. You wants Gus to have the same advantages as kids you have a mommie and a daddie, don't you? You want him to go to the best schools and receive the best education? Then you got us help to make sure. They despite what other people may think of us - he's not the one who suffers. So we have to found another school. We have an appointment tomorrow.

[Michael's grilling Vic as Vic pretends to read a magazine.]

Michael: How long they go out?

Vic: I... I can't remember.

Michael: Was it serious?

Vic: How do I know?

Michael: Did she love him?

Vic: She didn't say!

Michael: Didn't say... It's nothing that mom doesn't say!

Vic: Look, Michael, it was a long time ago. Why don't you ask her?

Debbie: [comes home] Ask me what?

Michael: About Denny Devore.

Debbie: Christ, I haven't heard his name mention for thirty years and now all of a sudden it's all he's here.

Michael: I saw his picture in your yearbook.

Debbie: Who said you can looking in my yearbook?

Michael: You never said I couldn't! It's the picture of him! It looks a lot like me.

Debbie: Who you talking about? It doesn't look at the least bit of you.

Michael: You don't have your reading glasses on.

Debbie: Fine. Make me feel older than I really do. OK, I still don't see it. Vic? Do you see it?

Vic: Can't say I do.

Michael: C'mon! We have the same eyes, the same nose, the same mouth. Tell me that's not my chin!

Debbie: Not even close! And trust me, I know chins. I have serveral of it.

Michael: Ma, I just want you to tell me...

Debbie: Tell you what?

Michael: Why I look so much alike Danny Devore!

Vic: I get the clothes in the dryers.

Debbie: Stay right there! What are you getting at?

Michael: He said that you were out summer after graduation. That was 1969. I was born March 1970.

Debbie: Ha! I don't believe what I'm hearing! Are you asking me if some old drag queen that I once knew in high school is your father? You know who your father is! This is your father!

[Debbie holds up a picture of John Michael Navotny]

Debbie: John Michael Novotny. Lieutenant in the US army.

Michael and Debbie: Died in Vietnam, 1970, two weeks after I was born.

Michael: I know. You told me a million times. But this guy in the picture who doesn't even look like me is my dad. But that've all you told me!

Debbie: What else do you wanna know?

Michael: Who are my grand-parents?

Debbie: They're dead.

Michael: Aunts and uncles?

Debbie: They weren't any.

Michael: So he's just a w*r hero?

Debbie: 'Just'!? They awarded him the purple heart! He was on a rescue mission, carving his way through the jungle when a landmine exploded.

Michael: You've said it was a Jeep accident.

Debbie: He was carving his way in a Jeep when it ran over a landmine.

Michael: You can't even keep the goddam story straight!

Debbie: Stop confusing me...!

Vic: Look, it was a long time ago. It doesn't matter now.

Michael: I just wanna know the truth.

Debbie: Are you calling me a liar? Your own mother? I told you who you father was. And I expect you to believe me.

[She wanders out of the room, tottering back and forth.]

[Better kids at this school. Lindsay and Brian goes inside.]

Lindsay: Promised me to behave.

Brian: I don't mention d*ck if you don't mention p*ssy.

Lindsay: You know what I mean. I don't you getting into your moods.

Brian: Yeah, yeah. I want a h*m*-hetero kid just as you do.

Lindsay: That's it. Don't be nervous.

Brian: If my heart gettin' low, I'll be dead.

[Inside the school.]

woman: Hello.

Lindsay: Hi, we are the...

woman: Oh, the Kinneys. Uh, Mr. and Mrs.Kinney.

Lindsay: Right!

Brian: Sometimes she'll forgets, don't you, honey?

Lindsay: [laughs] I don't forget. He's such a kitter.

woman: Oh, please. I tell Mrs.Harper you are here.

[she leaves. Brian and Lindsay sits down. Brian plays with toys.]

Lindsay: I told you to behave!

Brian:You could send me to the principal's office, but I'm already there.

Lindsay: It's also strange. I mean I knew I'd have a child like Gus and he goes to a school like this one. And I never imagine it will be like this.

Brian: Well, there's no predicting. Oops, I said d*ck, didn't I?

Lindsay: Can't you be serious? For even a minute?

[Brian sits down, checks her watch]

Brian: You're on.

Lindsay: There was even a time, when we first met that I thought this could be reality. Did you ever felt that way?

Brian: No. You wanted me to be serious. That doesn't mean I don't love you.

[Brian kisses Lindsay just as the principal comes to the door and calls them in.]

Mrs.Harper: Mr.and Mrs.Kinney!

Brian: [looks at the clook] Oh, the minutes up.

Mrs.Harper: Oh, please, don't be emparest. It's always nice to see young parents express their affection. And I think it's important for children to see that to, don't you agree? Come in to my office, please and we'll discuss Gus' future.

[Debbie is standing at Divina's hotel door.]

Debbie: I never in a million years known it was you.

[She stands there. No wig, just scary makeup and tiny dagger nails. Red robe.]

Divina: Thirty years is a long time.

Debbie: Try thirty-one. But who's counting?

Divina: So, come on in. You want a drink?

Debbie: No. No, thanks. God, you have more sh*t than I do.

Divina: These days it takes longer to look fabulous.

Debbie: Tell me about it. Is this real?

Divina: Honey, I wish. So, how're you doin', my Divina?

Debbie: So you called me in highschool.

Divina: Now you have a son. He tells me you work in a diner. Vic was sick and now he's better.

Debbie: Thirty years in a natcho.

Divina: Thirty-one. Michael is a very nice, young men.

Debbie: I'm very proud of him.

Divina: And I would be to. He's polite, caring, good looking. In fact he's reminded me a lot of someone I used to know. Only at first I couldn't figure out who it was. Then when I discovered you were his mother I realized. I was looking at myself. In a mirror. Through time. Why? Didn't you? Ever! Tell me?

Debbie: You already left town. Run off to the big city to be a big star! Who was I supposed to do? Call you up and say 'Hey, guess what? You're a dad. Come back and marry me.'

Divina: So, you decided to have him on your own, raising him on your own. It must have taken a lot of courage.

Debbie: It was the easiest decision I ever made.

Divina: Who you tell him who his father was?

Debbie: A soldier who died in Vietnam. I picked up his name out of the newspaper from the list of dead. I even changed my own name.

Divina: You went through a lot of trouble to make sure he never found out.

Debbie: I wanted him to have a hero.

Divina: And I could never be that.

Debbie: It wasn't so much that you were g*y, Danny. I always kind of suspected. In fact, that's probably why I liked you. It's that you lied to me.

Divina: You won't the only one. I lied to myself as well. I wanted to be something I wasn't.

Debbie: Are you sure it's all succeeded? And he sure as hell didn't need to know his dad was a drag queen. And now he's found your g*dd*mn picture in the yearbook. And he's put two and two together. And knowing him he's coming here to talk to you any minute.

Divina: Christ, what I am telling him?

Debbie: Hell if I know!

Divina: I'm sure if you explained he would understand.

Debbie: What? That I've lied to him his entire life? And then he never trust me again. And I wouldn't blame him.

[The Happy Fun House. Lindsay comes home and fills Mel in on the interview with Brian.]

Lindsay: Oh, we were with her two and a half hours. She seemed really impressed.

Mel: That's a good sign, isn't it?

Lindsay: I hope so.

[They sit together in the living room. Mel rubs Lindsay's foot and coos at her]

Lindsay: Christ, I hate that heels!

Mel: Baby, come here.

Lindsay: Oh, that's nice.

Mel: And Brian behaved himself?

Lindsay: More than behaved. He was charming, attentive.

Mel: I hope not to attentive.

Lindsay: He complement the school of was whee... Everything was perfect.

Mel: Besides I would say the wrong face.

Lindsay: Should have been you and me in there.

Mel: Uh, whatever it takes. Besides it was you idea.

Lindsay: I know. It seen the good one at that time but now,... I don't know.

Mel: Hey, don't worry about it.

Lindsay: Sometimes the ends actually justify the means.

[The phone rings. It's the school.]

Mel: Besides the important thing is that Gus has the same chance every other kid. Hello? Who? Oh, yes. Hang on. [she's give the phone to Linds] Mrs.Kinney.

Lindsay: Hello? Mrs.Harpher. Yes, thank you. Mel and I... I mean Brian and I follow the same way. We will so pleased. What? Uh-huh. Uh-huh.

Mel: What?

Lindsay: I understand. Well, thank you for calling.

[She hangs up.]

Mel: What? What she say?

Lindsay: He didn't get in.

Mel: What?

Lindsay: He didn't get in. Mrs.Harpher called her apologize she thought my husband and I were absolutely charming and they would love to have Gus but...

Mel: So, what's the problem?

Lindsay: They only had one spot open and they gave it to another child ... with same-sex-parents.

Mel: Are you sh1tting me?!

Lindsay: The board decided that the student population had to be more open...

Mel: Well, we're goin' to sue... this is discrimination!

Lindsay: [laughs] We can't sue! Heterosexual discrimiation?!

Mel: You think this is funny?

'

Lindsay: I think it is hilarious.

Mel: What we gonna do now?

Lindsay: I'm gonna take a bath. And first thing tomorrow we will look for another school. And this time Gus' parents Lindsay and Melanie will go to the new interview.

[Babylon! Justin's dancing in an angel's outfit. The angel at the next go-go booth has tons of cash in his shorts. Justin does not. Emmett, Michael, and Brian are pouting at the bar. Brian's trying to ignore his half-naked boyfriend grinding for tips.]

Emmett: When I was in school, I had a part-time job walking peoples dogs. I didn't know I could have made money wagging his own tail.

Ted: What a turnout. But I have to thank Michael. [He kisses Mikey]

Michael: See ya.

[He starts to pout off]

Ted: Aren't you gonna stay?

Brian: They all to sticking around to see the number one fan.

Michael: Just leave me alone. How can somebody put on an act all those years...?

Brian: It has to do with h*m* lifestyle...

Michael: I mean my mother.

Brian: You don't know for sure.

Michael: That my mom lied to me? And my father is not a boring old Judy Garland.

Brian: Would you have preferred Bette Davis?

Michael: Maybe I should just forget it.

[announcer speaking.]

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, ladies who are gentlemen, gentlemen who are ladies and the Angel Ball presents our favorite angel, Pittsburghs own Miss Divina Devore."

[Divina sings "Heaven, I'm in heaven" and were uplifted by a hydrolic lifter. Brian smiles and laughs. Divina keeps singing. Michael looks at Brian in slow motion and shoves him off-camera. Everyone cheers as Michael just stands there looking at the ground. He smiles back upwards again. We can still hear Divina singing as we're backstage watching Divina take off her clothes.]

Divina: Michael.

Michael: May I come in?

Divina: Well, I don't undress before a man I barely know but in your case I'm make an expection. How'd go? Did "Angels of Pittsburgh" make buckets of bucks? It's the last benefit I ever do.

Michael: Somewhere I doubt it.

Divina: Well, you take care of yourself, Michael. It's nice to meet you.

Michael: Actually I have another favore.

Divina: Oh, for heaven sake haven't we done enough for humantiy?

Michael: It's not charity. I hope you can help me when you look at this. It's your old high-school yearbook. And this is you.

Divina: I haven't seen that in thirty... make it eighteen years.

Michael: Ever seen resemblance?

Divina: It's unmistakable I look exactly like Tom Cruise.

Michael: I meant to me.

Divina: You? [he laughs] I appreciate the flattery but frankly no. I don't see it.

Michael: How can you miss it? The way you looked back then and the way I look now. I mean we are identically twins.

Divina: I suppose when you squint a slight resemblance but so what? Here, help me with this zipper. I ask for a dresser but there are two g*dd*mn...

Michael: Are you my father?

Divina: This is a fine time to ask. You help me out of my Gaul?

Michael: You seen my mother than. The timing was exactly right...

Divina: Not to rupt. First I had to be got out here.

Michael: I mean, you and she, you'll never...?

Divina: Look at me? Do I look like the kind of guy who goes around to beg babes? You're mother was hardly my type.

Michael: But you said she was beautiful and back you used to bat for the other team.

Divina: Drag queens are notorious liars. Everyone knows that. So, what does your mother say?

Michael: She says my father was this old w*r hero.

Divina: So, why you don't believe that?

Michael: Because the story keeps changing and there's only one picture. And the guy doesn't even look like me. Look, I don't make any demands, and I not even asking to stay in touch: I just wanna know the truth.

[Divina walks back into the room dressed as a man.]

Danny: Michael, may I tell you the one truth I learn it all my years? The truth is what you choose to believe. When I'm onstage, people believe I'm Divina Devore not because I'm a great female impersonator, but because they want to.

Michael: What is this have to do whether you my father or my mother lied to me?

Danny: Your mother gave you something to believe in: a hero. A father you could be proud of. Because she loves you. That's the truth. Whether you choose to believe it or not is up to you.

[Empty strip club.]

Gary: Still here?

Justin: So, how do I do?

Gary: Not bad - for your first time.

Justin: But the tips sucks.

Gary: What do you expecting?

Justin: More than I got in the diner.

Gary: Then you need to dance on the bar.

Justin: How do I do that?

Gary: Look, you had to work your way up. Maybe in six months.

Justin: Six months? I need money now to pay for school.

Gary: Well, there is a problem. I tell you what. You give me some time, I'll give you some time.

Justin: No, thanks.

Gary: It's up to you. Oh, and if you change your mind and you decide you wanna make... say couple of thou a months, let me know.

[Justin goes to Gary and squeeze his crotch. Gary take it immediately in his mouth. Justin almost cries but doesn't stop Gary.]

[Justin goes home beaming. Brian works on his computer.]

Justin: You're still up?

Brian: Yeah, I'm doin' my homework. So, what's like?

Justin: I had to talk to the boss.

Brian: Uh-huh.

Justin: He said I could start tomorrow dance on the bar.

Brian: After only one night?

Justin: Told you I could take care of myself.

[Brian keeps working on the computer. Justin walks over and kisses Brian on the mouth. Brian looks suspicious.]

Brian: Yeah, I guess you can.

[Debbies home. Debbie's putting the fake dad away. Michael walks in.]

Michael: Ma, what are you doin' up so late?

Debbie: I couldn't sleep. What about you?

Michael: Same. I came to return the yearbook.

Debbie: You can have it.

Michael: What are you doin'?

Debbie: Puttin' things away. Make some room. Some things I had to do long time ago.

Michael: It's "Dad's shrine." You can't just read of it.

Debbie: No need for it now.

Michael: What are you talking about?

Debbie: No need to pretend, Michael. The truth is...

Michael: ...just like you said. My father is Lieutenant John Michael Novotny. Died in Vietnam, April 10, 1970. He was k*lled just two weeks after I was born when the Jeep he was driving ran over a landmine that was carving a path through the jungle on a mission to save his troops. Right, Ma?

Debbie: Right. [she says through tears.]

Michael: For which he was posthumously awarded the Purple Heart.

Debbie: And his last words were, 'Tell my son I love him more than life itself.'

Michael: 'And I'll always be proud of him.'

[Debbie and Michael embrace as the camera lifts.]

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